

"Billy Inelvetrees

(3)

MARY HARTMAN
MARY HARTMAN

EPISODE #117

by

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FINAL DRAFT
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VTR DATE:

CAST OF CHARACTERS

MARY.	LOUISE LASSER
TOM	GREG MULLAVEY
HEATHER	CLAUDIA LAMB
GRANDPA	VICTOR KILIAN
CATHY	DEBRALEE SCOTT
FOLEY	BRUCE SOLOMON
BILLY TWELVETREES	
HUGH BOSWELL.	
FRED FULLER	
GENE FULLER	
YOUNG BARTENDER	

SETS

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MARY'S BEDROOM - MORNING
(Mary, Tom, Heather)

ACT II
(Pg. 11)

SHUMWAY KITCHEN - NOON - SAME DAY
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(Tom, Young Bartender, Foley)

ACT IV
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MARY'S KITCHEN - LATER
(Mary, Hugh Boswell, Fred & Gene
Fuller, Heather, Tom)

ACT ONEMARY'S BEDROOM - MORNING

TOM, SOLO, HUNG OVER, IS FINISHING DRESSING. MOMENT. MARY ENTERS FROM BATHROOM, IN ROBE, CARRYING BOTTLE OF SCOPE, LOOKING TROUBLED.

MARY

Tom, what color is Scope?

TOM

(NOT UNDERSTANDING THE IMPORT OF THE QUESTION AND IN NO MOOD OR SHAPE TO PLAY GAMES) What?

MARY

Scope. What color is it? Scope. The mouthwash.

TOM

How should I know?

MARY

It's blue.

TOM

So what?

MARY

(DISPLAYING THE BOTTLE WHICH SEEMS TO CONTAIN WATER) This isn't blue, it's white.

TOM

It's not white, it's colorless.

MARY

Why?

TOM

Maybe it's a new kind. New and improved.

MARY

No. It's new and un-improved. And it isn't Scope. It's vodka. You poured out the Scope and filled it with Vodka, didn't you?

TOM

(CAUGHT OUT) I don't know. Maybe.

MARY

There's no maybe about it. I smelled it. Well?

TOM

Well what?

MARY

Tom, we have to have a talk about your drinking. A serious talk. Because your drinking is a serious subject. We have to talk about it.

TOM

Mary, don't get on my back. I want some coffee, and I'm in no mood for one of your "serious talks".

MARY

Don't wear that shirt.

TOM

Why not?

MARY

It's dirty. (MOVING TO DRESSER) Take it off. I'll get you a clean one. For a man to be well dressed, it's very important that he should always wear a clean shirt.

SHE OPENS DRESSER DRAWER TO GET A SHIRT, FINDS A BOTTLE OF VODKA, REACTS, HOLDS IT, LOOKS AT TOM. THERE IS A PAUSE.

MARY (CONT'D)

(VERY TROUBLED) Tom, why are you drinking so much? Why? What's wrong? What's the matter?

TOM

(LIGHT SARCASM) Nothing's the matter. Everything's peachy-keeno.

MARY

No, it's not. Everything's peachy-rotten-o. You're becoming an alcoholic.

TOM

(SOMEWHAT HEATED) No, I'm not! An alcoholic is a guy who has to drink. I don't. I can stop any time I want to.

MARY

Why don't you want to?

TOM

Who said I don't want to?

MARY

If you don't want to, why do you? I mean if you want to, why don't you? I mean, why don't you stop? Why are you drinking so much? Why?

TOM

You really want to know?

MARY

Yes. I really want to know.

TOM

Okay, I'll tell you why. It's because the bottom has fallen out of my life. No bottom: no life. Right? Right. I've lost my job, and I've had to take this crummy part-time clerking thing. I've had to resign my union office. And my wife has been unfaithful to me with a damn policeman.

MARY

Tom...

TOM

Look, you asked me a question. I'm still answering it. My wife has been unfaithful to me with a damn policeman, and, as if that wasn't bad enough, you had to rub it in and humiliate me in front of my friends by dragging that damn policeman with you to Loretta's recording session.

(MORE)

TOM (CONT'D)

If that's not enough to drive a man to drink, I'd like to know what is. And I don't want to talk about it any more.

MARY

Tom, that's un-American.

TOM

What's un-American?

MARY

Stopping the discussion after you've had your say and not giving me a chance to have my say. That's not democratic. And it's very injurious to a marriage.

TOM

(SARCASTIC) What marriage?

MARY

(LETTING THAT GO BY) Tom, you have to understand how hurt I was when you walked out on me.

TOM

I walked out on you because of what you did with that damn policeman.

MARY

I did what I did with that damn policeman, I mean, with Dennis Foley, because of what you had done to our marriage.

TOM

I did what I did to our marriage because you had already done what you had done to it.

MARY

Tom, we can't take this all the way back to Adam and Eve.

TOM

Eve wasn't unfaithful to Adam.

MARY

What I mean is, let's let by-gones be by-gones. Why can't we start fresh? That's the best way to start. Fresh.

TOM

(BUGGED AND ANXIOUS TO CUT THIS OFF)

All right, Mary. Anything you say.

Fresh or stale. Just stop bugging me.

MARY

(SINCERE, TOUCHING) I don't want to bug you. I want to love you. I want to help you. Please let me help you. I'll do anything. We'll talk. Quietly. We'll drink black coffee. We'll take cold showers together. I hate cold showers, they give me a stomachache. But if it helps, I'll take cold showers with you. Just to help you sober up and stop drinking. All I want to do is love you and help you.

TOM

(BEAT. TOUCHED) Aw, Mary. I'm sorry about the way I've been acting. Honest.

(MORE)

TOM (CONT'D)

I don't enjoy giving you a hard time.
And to tell you the God's honest truth,
I don't enjoy drinking.

MARY

Neither do I. I hate the smell.

TOM

I've made things rough for you, and you've
made things rough for me. I guess neither
of us meant to. It just worked out that
way. But you're right. There's no sense
going into why. The thing to do is
start fresh.

MARY

(HOLDING UP THE SCOPE BOTTLE AND THE
VODKA BOTTLE) Then can I pour these down
the sink?

TOM

(SMALL SMILE) Sure. It'll clean out the
pipes. It's probably better than Drano.

SMALL LAUGHTER.

MARY

(WANTING TO BELIEVE) And you can really
stop drinking?

TOM

(ASSURED) No sweat.

MARY

(Then we... (DOESN'T QUITE KNOW HOW TO
PHRASE IT)

TOM

(HELPING HER) We've got a deal. It's
a bargain.

SFX: APPROACHING AIRPLANE

MARY

Can we seal the bargain with a kiss?
(REASSURING) It's all right, I brushed
my teeth already. I didn't use Scope,
but I used extra toothpaste.

TOM SMILES NICELY AT HER, APPROACHES
TO KISS HER, BUT AS SOUND NOW REACHES
ITS APEX, MARY PUTS HER HANDS, STILL
HOLDING THE BOTTLES, TO HER EARS
AND COWERS UNTIL SOUND STARTS TO
FADE.

MARY (CONT'D)

(UNSTRUNG) Those airplanes are driving
me crazy!!!

TOM

(ALARMED AT HER STATE) Mary, take it easy.
Don't get so...

HE CUTS OFF AS HEATHER ENTERS.

HEATHER

(ENTERING) Mom, the television crew is
here. They... (SPOTS THE BOTTLES) What're
you doing with the booze? Drinking before
breakfast even?

MARY

(YELLS) Nobody's drinking! There's not
going to be any more drinking in this house!

(MORE)

MARY (CONT'D)

Go tell the television people I'll
be right there.

HEATHER

But that booze...

MARY

Go!

HEATHER..

Oh, all right. (EXITS)

MARY

I've got to go. I told the television
people they could start early today.
I'll start breakfast. I'll make you
a marvelous, special breakfast.
Everything's going to be all right
now. It really is. All we have to
do is work at it. I've got to go.
(KISSES HIM) Here, pour these down
the sink.

SHE HANDS HIM THE BOTTLES AND
EXITS.

TOM DROPS ALL SHOW OF BEING
IN ANY KIND OF GOOD SHAPE. HE'S
IN ROCKY SHAPE. HIS HANDS ARE
UNSTEADY.

TOM

I need one. Just one.

HE TAKES A SLUG FROM THE
BOTTLE. AS HE IS DOING SO,
MARY HURRIES BACK IN.

MARY

(ENTERING) I forgot my...

SHE SEES WHAT HE IS DOING.

HE SEES THAT SHE SEES. BOTH REACT.

FADE OUT.

ACT TWO

SHUMWAY KITCHEN, NOON, SAME DAY

BILLY, VERY MUCH AT HOME, DRINKING COFFEE, SMOKING A CIGAR, AND MAKING SELECTIONS IN RACING FORM. CATHY, DRESSED TO GO TO WORK, ENTERS FROM LIVING ROOM.

CATHY

(WHO LIKES BILLY) Picking horses?

BILLY

Yup. I've got a system.

CATHY

Really?

BILLY

I've never lost a penny on a horse, either.

CATHY

Wow. How does the system work?

BILLY

I never bet.

MERRIMENT.

BILLY (CONT'D)

You off to work, darling?

CATHY

Uh huh. I have to stop by the rectory before I go to the studio.

BILLY

Something tells me something is going on between you and that young priest I keep hearing about.

CATHY

Father DeMarco and I are just good friends.

BILLY

My advice is: keep it that way.

CATHY

He's going to be on a T.V. panel next week, and I have to drop off some material for him.

BILLY

Then you're going to do the weather report?

CATHY

Uh huh.

BILLY

Listen, next time you predict rain, let me know. I'll make you look good. I can make it rain, you know.

CATHY

You can? How?

BILLY

By doing the Choctaw Rain Dance. It's sure-fire.

CATHY

(AFFECTIONATE SMILE) You know, you're terrific.

SHE GIVES HIM AN IMPULSIVE, AFFECTIONATE HUG AND SMALL KISS. DURING WHICH, GRANDPA ENTERS FROM LIVING ROOM AND IS SOMEWHAT HURT BY WHAT HE SEES.

CATHY (CONT'D)

(PLEASANTLY) Hi and goodbye, Grandpa Larkin. I've got to run.

GRANDPA

No kiss for me?

CATHY

(WHO LOVES HIM) Of course, I've got a kiss for you. (KISS) Have a good day. Both of you grandpa's. (HUMOROUSLY HOLDING UP HAND IN INDIAN STYLE TO BILLY) How.

BILLY

By using my system.

CATHY EXITS.

BILLY (CONT'D)

She's a great girl. A great girl.

GRANDPA

Yeah.

BILLY

What's the matter, Raymond? You seem kind of down in the mouth.

GRANDPA

I'm not down in the mouth. I'm down
in the back. It's my lumbago.

BILLY

Lumbago? You got lumbago? I can cure
that, you know. Just sit in that chair.

GRANDPA

I'd rather sit in my chair.

BILLY

Okay, sit in your chair.

GRANDPA

I can't, without sitting in your lap.

You're sitting in my chair.

BILLY

Oh. (RISES) Here. Sit down.

GRANDPA SITS. BILLY GOES INTO
A BRIEF TRIBAL DANCE AND CHANT.
THEN HE BRIEFLY MANIPULATES
GRANDPA'S BACK.

BILLY (CONT'D)

How's it feel now?

GRANDPA

(SURPRISED) The pain's gone.

BILLY

You see -- it's sure fire -- never
misses.

GRANDPA

Maybe you're not a phoney, after all.

BILLY

(TAKES NO OFFENSE) Oh, I'm the real thing. I cured your lumbago, didn't I?

GRANDPA

Unless it was the arthric-strength Anacin I took this morning.

BILLY

Anacin it can do, I can do better.
(LAUGHS)

GRANDPA

I don't get it.

BILLY

Well, you won't need those pills as long as I'm around.

GRANDPA

How long's that gonna be?

BILLY

I don't know. Depends how an idea I got works out. Plastic teepees for the tourist trade. I figure I...

HE CUTS OFF AS MARY COMES OVER.
AD LIB GREETINGS.

GRANDPA

All through with them TV fellows?

MARY

No, they're just out for lunch.

BILLY

You want some lunch, Mary? I can whip you up some genuine corn-meal fritters.

MARY

No, thank you, Grandpa Twelvetrees.

I'm too nervous to eat.

BILLY

Nervous? I've got a sure fire cure
for that. Sit down.

MARY

I'm too nervous to sit.

BILLY

But it's a sure cure. I got lots of
sure cures. I sure, just cured Raymond's
lumbago? Right, Raymond?

GRANDPA

It was either you or Anacin.

MARY

Grandpa Twelvetrees, have you got a
cure for alcoholism?

GRANDPA

Tom still hitting the bottle, huh?

MARY

(NODS SADLY, THEN:) I wonder how
that expression got started. Hitting
the bottle. I mean when Tom drinks,
it's more like the bottle hits him.

BILLY

I've got a sure-fire cure for alcoholism.
A sure-fire, anti-fire-water cure.

MARY

Don't say that if you don't mean it.
Please. This is very serious. My
marriage depends on it. I haven't really
got a marriage now, but at least we
still have the license, but it's no
good unless Tom stops drinking. I
mean you can have a license to drive a
car, but what good is it if the car
needs a ring job? Not that I know what
a ring job is, but I've heard Tom use
that expression and I know it's serious.

BILLY

You want to help Tom? Listen to me.
The best way to help him is to make
him help himself.

MARY

How? I don't mean (INDIAN GESTURE)
"how". I mean "how".

BILLY

He's got to want to kick it. All
you can do for him is tell him to go
to Alcoholics Anonymous or someplace
like that. But that's all you can do.
The worst thing you can do is baby
him or pamper him or coddle him. He's
got to go for the cure on his own.

MARY

But what if he won't?

BILLY

What if he won't? I'll tell you what if he won't. Then you've got to kick him out of the house.

MARY

(INCREDULOUS) Kick him out of the house?

BILLY

Right on his butt.

MARY

But that would be cruel. It's my duty to take care of him.

BILLY

Kicking him out's the kindest thing you could do for him. It's the only way he's going to get turned around. You've got to take his crutches away. He's got to learn to want to stand on his own. Believe me. I know what I'm talking about. It's the only cure. That's what my wife did for me, God rest her soul. I hit bottom with a loud crash and that knocked some sense into me -- made me realize I had to get help.

MARY

(STILL HUNG UP IN THE THOUGHT) Kick Tom out when he needs me?

BILLY

He needs you, Mary, yes -- right now
he needs you to kick him out. Not to
baby him. It's the only way. It's the
only cure. I'm an alcoholic. A
reformed alcoholic. I know how. Not
"how". How.

SHORT PAUSE AS MARY PONDERES
THE ADVICE.

GRANDPA

(TO BILLY) Since you're such an expert,
with a sure cure for everything, how
about irregularity?

FADE OUT.

ACT THREECAPRI LOUNGE - LATE AFTERNOON

TOM, AT THE BAR WITH A HIGHBALL, IS MOROSE AND A LITTLE LOADED, CERTAINLY NOT PLASTERED. ON THE BAR IN FRONT OF HIM ARE A DOLLAR BILL AND SOME COINS, APPARENTLY THE CHANGE FROM PAYMENT FOR HIS DRINK. THE BARTENDER IS IN HIS TWENTIES, WELL BUILT, COOL. TOM FINISHES HIS DRINK.

TOM

(TO BARDENTER) Let's have another.

BARTENDER NODS, MAKES ANOTHER HIGHBALL, SERVES IT TO TOM, TAKES THE DOLLAR BILL, RINGS IT UP. TOM DRINKS MOROSELY. MOMENT. FOLEY COMES IN, SPOTS TOM, HESITATES, THEN COMES OVER AND SITS ON STOOL NEXT TO HIM.

FOLEY

Hi, Tom.

TOM

Get lost.

FOLEY

I already did get lost, Tom.

TOM

What's that supposed to mean?

FOLEY

Mary and I aren't seeing each other any more. So there's no reason for you and me to be unfriendly.

TOM

No? I'll give you a reason: I hate your guts.

FOLEY

I don't know why. When you stop to think about it, you and I both want the same thing.

TOM

Yeah? What?

FOLEY

We both want Mary to be happy.

TOM

She'd be a lot happier if she'd never got mixed up with you.

FOLEY

I agree with you completely. You're absolutely right. What Mary needs to be happy is you. I finally realized that. And that's why I gave her back to you.

TOM

(BEGINNING TO BRIDLE) What do you mean, "You gave her back to me"?

FOLEY

I decided it would be better for her
if I didn't marry her.

TOM

What makes you think you could have?

FOLEY

(QUIETLY) She asked me to marry her,
Tom. But for her sake -- and for
yours, because you two belong together
-- I turned her down.

TOM

(BRIDLING) Wait a minute. Are you
telling me you brushed her off and
you expect me to take your leavings?

FOLEY

I wouldn't put it that way.

TOM

No? Well, I would. I'm getting to
like you less and less, Foley, and if
you don't get the hell out of here,
I'm going to take you apart and feed
you to the pigeons. Now blow!

FOLEY

Okay, Tom, okay. Keep your shirt on.

TOM

Get out!

FOLEY EXITS.

TOM'S REALIZATION OF THE ENORMITY AND THE INDIGNITY OF THE SITUATION GROWS, SHAME AND FRUSTRATED ANGER MINGLING WITH HIS MOROSE DEPRESSION. HE FINISHES HIS DRINK.

TOM (CONT'D)

(TO BARTENDER) Gimme another.

BARTENDER

That'll be a dollar, please.

TOM

Put it on my tab.

BARTENDER

(QUIET, ASSURED) A dollar.

TOM

I'll pay you next time I come in.

BARTENDER

Sorry.

TOM

(FLARING) C'mon! Gimme a drink!

BARTENDER

(QUIET, COOL, CONFIDENT) Look, don't start any trouble.

TOM

(OUT OF CONTROL) I don't have to take any lip from you, squirt. So watch it. I've handled rougher guys than you.

BARTENDER

That must have been a long time ago.

TOM

I can still punch out twirps like you.

TOM REACHES ACROSS THE BAR AND GRABS A HANDFUL OF BARTENDER'S SHIRT. BARTENDER DEFTLY KNOCKS TOM'S HAND AWAY, THEN COOLY AND GRACEFULLY VAULTS ACROSS THE BAR, GRABS TOM BY THE BACK OF HIS COLLAR AND THE SEAT OF HIS PANTS AND GIVES HIM THE BUM'S RUSH OUT OF THE PLACE. BARTENDER COMES BACK TO HIS JOB, COOL AND NOT EVEN OUT OF BREATH.

BARTENDER

(WITH A TOUCH OF SADNESS) Some guys just never know when they're over the hill.

FADE OUT.

ACT FOURMARY'S KITCHEN - LATER

MARY IS USING LIQUID GOLD TO INSURE
THE CONTINUED BEAUTY OF HER KITCHEN
CABINETS. CAMERAMAN, SOUNDMAN,
AND HUGH BOSWELL DOING THEIR THINGS.

MARY

This is my favorite polisher because
it brings out the natural beauty of the
wood. Of course, this isn't wood. It's
more like formica or something, but it
has a natural beauty, too, and I think
all natural beauty should be brought out.
I mean, if it's not brought out, how
can you tell if it's beautiful? Another
wonderful thing about this spray is that
it doesn't make holes in the ozone layer.
It's got the same spritzer they use in
carbonated drinks, and I'm pretty sure
they wouldn't use anything in carbonated
drinks, that would make holes in the
ozone layer. I mean, imagine what that
would do to your stomach layer.

(MORE)

MARY (CONT'D)

I think it's very important for a person
to... (CUTS OFF, AS:)

SFX: RED PHONE RINGS.

MARY (CONT'D)

(TO PHONE:) Hello, Help Line... Well,
are you a relative of Howard Hughes?...
Well, I'm not a lawyer, but I don't
think you're entitled to a share of the
estate just because you once passed him
the sugar in a coffee shop.. But I
suppose you could call the Free Legal
Clinic. The number is 555-4762...
You're welcome. (HANGS UP) I have to
clean my oven today. I think the best
oven cleaner is...

SHE CUTS OFF AS HEATHER COMES
HOME AND:

HEATHER

(ENTERING) Hi. I see you're still
being a television star..

MARY

Heather...

HEATHER PUTS HER FACE INTO THE
CAMERA AND MAKES A FUNNY FACE,
THUMBS TO TEMPLES AND WIGGLING
HER FINGERS. CAMERAMAN
PATIENTLY MOVES HER ASIDE.

MARY (CONT'D)

Heather, go do your homework.

HUGH

I'd appreciate it if she could stay.
I'd like to film the after-school
activities of a typical American child.

HEATHER

I'm not typical. Most girls my age
have bigger bazooms.

HUGH

What do you usually do after school,
Heather?

HEATHER

Hang out.

HUGH

I beg your pardon?

HEATHER

I usually hang out with Trudy
Weathersby because if I come home,
I end up getting yelled at by my
mother, and that's a drag.

MARY

Heather has a wonderful sense of humor.
It's what's called a dry sense of
humor.

HEATHER

Humor? What's funny about getting
yelled at?

HUGH

(TO HEATHER) What would you like to
be when you grow up?

HEATHER

A demolition expert. Somebody who
blows up big hotels. Boooooooooom!

TOM COMES HOME, LOADED. HE
STAGGERS INTO SOMETHING, MUCH
TO MARY'S DISTRESS.

MARY

Please don't film this. This is not
typical. It's not typical for him
to come home drunk. Really.

TOM

Yeah, go ahead, film it. This is
typical. You know why? Because
the enonomy is lousy and I just lost
my second job in a week.

MARY

(STRICKEN) Oh, Tom.

TOM

And you know what else is typical?
Her. Not because she uses all that
junk she sees advertized but because
the moral climate of this country is
down the tubes and housewives all over
the country are sleeping around with
other guys while their husbands are
working to make a living. She did that.
And with some damn policaman. How's
that for some guy who's supposed to
serve and protect?

(MORE)

TOM (CONT'D)

And you know why she's still here?

I'll tell you why she's still here!

Because she asked that damn policeman
to marry her but he dusted her off so
she thinks she can patch things up with
me. How about that for a typical
American housewife?

MARY

(YELLS) All right, Tom, that's enough!
You're an alcoholic and the only way
to help an alcoholic is not to help
him, so get out of this house and
stay out 'til you stop drinking! Out!

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE #117